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## "WITH THE GRAIN."

WHEN one attempts to stroke the back of an animal, the success of the experiment, and also its pleasantness both to the stroking and stroked party, are very much ruled by the effort being made in the direction in which the hair lies. When the hand is drawn against the direction of the hair, or, as the phrase is, against the grain, it is found to be both difficult and disagreeable; when the cat, in particular, is treated in this manner, there is a simultaneous development of electricity from her back and fire from her temper, and it is odds but the experimenter gets a good scratching. On the contrary, when the hand is drawn *with* the grain, the thing is found to be quite easy, and the animal is manifestly pleased. In such circumstances, Madame Grimaldin generally falls into that purring song of hers, which is at once an expression of extreme satisfaction on her part, and to human ears one of the most agreeable sounds in nature.

Strong analogy has led to the application of the phrase *with or against the grain* to moral subjects. When something is done to an individual, or he is obliged to do something which he greatly dislikes, it is said to be *against the grain* with him. The Scotch also speak of a soothing or flattering treatment as "*with the hair*:" thus Burns, recommending the legislature to take measures for mollifying the wrath of his country on the subject of her whisky, says—

"For—sake, sirs, then speak her fair,  
And stralk her canny wi' the hair."

This is, in fact, nearly the same idea as that of Solomon, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." Everybody must be prepared to acknowledge the wonderful effect which is generally to be wrought by such simple means. Somehow it is quite impossible for the most irritable or the gloomiest mind to resist the allaying effect of a little gentle treatment. In the words of the poet, it "*smooths the raven down of darkness till it smiles*."

The surprising thing is, that, while this is so evident to all, the expedient of stroking each other *with the hair* is so little and so partially resorted to. Every day we see individuals failing in their purposes with their fellow-creatures, and making them enemies instead of friends, merely because they do not take them *with the grain*, but against it. Parents lose the affections of their children, and forfeit all influence over them, because every thing they dictate and recommend, every word of advice and warning, every word of instruction, and the character of their whole intercourse, is against the grain of the natural faculties of the younger party. Servants and assistants of all kinds become disaffected to their masters and employers, because the treatment which they experience is unfortunately all against the grain. Institutions fail in their objects because they go entirely against the grain with the parties proposed to be benefited. In short, this great secret of man-management is often strangely overlooked, although it seems actually to lie calling for attention on the very surface of society.

It is curious, almost amusing, to observe the way in which this principle of human nature works in some particular cases. Two human beings are put into a certain relation to each, where it becomes highly important that they should work harmoniously, and endeavour to promote each other's happiness. But the one, unluckily, sets about managing and directing the other in a totally erroneous manner. That which a word of kind treatment would bring about in a moment, is attempted by means of a harsh and dogmatic command. This, instead of producing a disposition to assent and obedience, raises a sentiment entirely

the reverse, which straightway sets itself up in a dogged opposition. Instantly things are at what is called a dead lock, where otherwise there might have been all the smoothness of a well-oiled machine. When the obstinacy is equal on both sides, the stoppage is usually complete and lasting; or at the best, there is only a hollow peace for the future. It is not too much to say, that by such little mistakes the happiness of many a married pair is blighted, and that many good schemes and enterprises in which numbers are concerned are ruined, in consequence, merely, of a slight inattention to the direction in which the grain lay with one or two of the parties.

It is not to be pretended that we are all to operate upon each other, in all circumstances and relations, by a soothing system. It would be in many cases silly and inappropriate; and a certain degree of severity and rigour is often not only allowable but salutary. But yet the fact stands out most clear, that in general no good is to be got with one's fellow-creatures, by going against the line of their dispositions. Go in that line, and you have the advantage of a powerful natural principle working in your favour; go in the other direction, and you have all the force of the same principle working against you. In the one case, you are like a person trying to push a heavy vehicle up hill on a rough road; in the other, you are like one sitting on a railway carriage going down an inclined plane by its own weight. The gentle method diminishes friction. Nothing more strongly exemplifies this truth, than the alacrity with which a boy will work out the bidding of a senior, under the sunny influence of a little approbation, compared with the languor and slowness of his movements on receiving only a stern order, attended with some blame for the imperfection of his former efforts. The fact is, in the one case, the love of approbation is pleased, and this begets an inclination to give all possible satisfaction in return. In the other, the urchin is thrown back upon his self-esteem, the disagreeable sensations of which call up the resentful and hostile feelings. He would then not only not obey, but work his superior a mischief if he conveniently could.

One half of all the hatreds and wars of this world spring from no other cause, we believe, than a piqued self-esteem. It is here that the great defect in our mutual management of each other lies. Amongst the lowest class of people it is a fault of every passing hour; witness the coarse banterings, scoldings, and execrations, which they launch at each other on every highway and street, sometimes for a slight cause, but often without one, or from mere wantonness. Dreadful consequences often ensue, but generally there is only a discomfort and an anger for the moment. The truth is, the moral feelings are comparatively blunt in that rank of life; and the impressions made by obloquy are seldom very deep, and never lasting. Hence it is not uncommon to see two mean women calling each other by every opprobrious term one hour, and quite good friends by the next. Yet it is not, we think, to be doubted, that the happiness of the humbler classes is much impaired by inattention to the rights of self-respect, and the fatal readiness to use opprobrious and biting language on every trivial collision of interests, and under every passing shade of irritation. The higher grades of society are distinguished by nothing which the lower might more justifiably envy, than their better regulation of the feelings, and the better control which they possess over their tongues. We have heard a middle-aged person, who had all his life moved in well-bred society, declare, that he had never above once or twice been addressed on a subject which could be supposed to be

unpleasant to his feelings—all those matters, in particular, being avoided, which, from their bearing on facts in his own history, or that of persons with whom he was connected, could be conceived as likely to excite the slightest pain in his bosom. He had, indeed, no better test of his having done a foolish or wrong thing, than the fact of his never hearing the most oblique allusion to it in the society which he frequented, while all other things connected with him were freely spoken of. With a nature ordinarily constituted, this leniency has a better effect than the severest reproof, and that simply because such natures *blame themselves*—are uneasy on account of their conduct—and, appreciating the comfort of this gentleness from others, are more anxious to do what is pleasing to others for the future. When, unfortunately, it so chances that insult is offered in this rank of life, the wound is all the more severe and lasting, seeing that the delicacy of the moral sensorium is so much heightened by education. Of the usual consequences it is needless to speak.

For a safe and agreeable passage through life, it is certainly one of the most important requisites that we know how to act with regard to the self-esteem of our neighbours. Small is the concession required to keep a friend right in this respect; and, when the reward is so great, it is surely a pity not to make it. Painful, on the other hand, is the punishment of a neglect of this great law. In a moment, the face that wore a friendly smile for years is changed, and, unless a successful effort be made to efface the impression, and induce a contrary one, comes that sad separation, and all its woes, so beautifully described by Coleridge—

"Each spake words of high disdain  
And insult to his heart's best brother;  
They parted—ne'er to meet again!  
But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining;  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder:  
A dreary sea now flows between.  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been."

All wanton, all neglectful injuries which we thus offer to each other, come back in punishment; for there is just all the difference of hell and heaven between one treated justly and kindly, and one who has been driven by mistreatment upon the exercise of the defensive and resentful feelings.

It must be evident how well this philosophy applies to many points of general as well as of private and individual polity. What good can nations propose to gain by treating each other contumeliously or imperiously? They only by such means rouse the worst feelings in each other. How is it to be presumed by one body of thinkers, that they are to make any good impression upon another, or induce them to adopt new and better ideas, by using them in that manner which, by the invariable course of nature, tends to excite only indignation and hatred? How can we suppose that we are to acquire a right influence over children, so as to be able to direct their minds aright, if we daily, hourly, address them in a way calculated to grieve and irritate them? What should lead us to expect a reformation of criminals, if we merely deepen their hatred of us by every sort of cruel and degrading usage? Operating by these methods is decidedly worse than not operating at all, for every step which is taken in such a course only makes the happy issue of our object more remote.

To come to practicals—we would recommend all who have any thing to do with their fellow-creatures to bear some regard to the tempers of those they have to do with. Let them regard it as a sacred duty to

make little concessions to their neighbours, rather seeking to cheer and encourage than to dash and disconcert them—rather seeking to get good ends served by them with good will than to force them into plans obnoxious to them—always rather leaning to the trustful than to the suspicious side, and endeavouring to make them actually good by letting them see that they are supposed to be so. In short, let it be a supreme guiding rule to take mankind as much as possible with the grain, and only against it when every other imaginable device is found unavailing, or an exigency leaves no time for hesitation.

### THE LIFE AND POETRY OF OVID.

#### FIRST ARTICLE.

Of the main incidents in the life of this poet his own voluminous writings sufficiently inform us. Publius Ovidius Naso—such is his name given in full—was born at Sulmo, a town of the Pelignians, about ninety miles east from Rome. His birth took place on the 20th of March B.C. 43, a year signalled by the assassination of Cicero, the fall of two consuls in battle, and the formation of the second triumvirate, consisting of Augustus, Lepidus, and Antony. Ovid was descended from an ancient family of equestrian rank. Being designed for the bar, he was sent early to Rome; and thence, to complete his education, at the age of sixteen, to Athens. The inclinations of the youth, however, did not happen to coincide with the parental plans and wishes. Although not wholly averse from the cultivation of oratory, his chief delight lay in verse-making. Publius, like many distinguished poets of our own country, "liaped in numbers," and his passion for the art grew with his years. His father, who was past the prime of life while Ovid was yet a boy, felt chagrined at his predilections, and often urged him to abandon so profitless a pursuit. These remonstrances were respectfully received, and even proved partially efficacious; but inclination had already become habit, and, as the bard ingeniously urges in self-vindication, when he attempted prose composition, the words arranged themselves into verse. Not even the representation that the prince of poets had died penniless, with which the young aspirant had been duly pilled, availed to wean him from his favourite study. After filling several of the minor offices of state, which were usually considered only stepping-stones to the others, he ceased to court civil distinction, and gave himself entirely up to the writing of poetry. His rank gained him admission to the society of his literary contemporaries, and his genius attracted their friendship. Two of the most eminent and gifted of these died, indeed, while he was only twenty-four. "Virgil," says he, in an autobiography written in verse—"Virgil have I only seen; nor did the Fates, eager for Tibullus, afford space for our friendship." His regret, however, was mitigated by the survival of others. Among some of less note, we find the names of Horace and Propertius, with the latter of whom he seems to have been especially intimate. "Propertius, bound to me in strict companionship, used often to recite to me his love poems. Ponticus, famed for heroic verse, and Bassus for his lambics, were welcome guests at my table. I have listened, too, entranced, to the swelling numbers of Horace, adapting to polished odes the Italian lyre." As his seniors in letters and his rivals in reputation died off, Ovid became the chief ornament of the court of Augustus, and received in turn the homage of the rising race of poets.

When scarcely twenty Ovid lost his only brother, a youth of great talent, just a year his senior; in company with whom he had pursued his studies, and of whom he speaks with the utmost tenderness. Our author married while very young. His first wife, of whom he complains as no suitable match for him, was soon divorced. A second fell, in a similar way, a victim to his caprice. The third alliance was more fortunate. To his last wife he appears, not without reason, to have been sincerely attached. By her, probably, he became father of Perilla, who wedded twice, and bore one child to each husband.

Ovid had now long enjoyed the gifts of fortune. High in favour with the emperor, happy in his domestic relations, the friend of the learned, and the idol of the people, he might have looked forward to an old age, if not of gay excitement, at least of soft tranquillity. A calamity, however, the severity of which his former prosperity had only been training him the more acutely to feel, was destined to cloud the close of his life. For some offence, on the nature of which scholars can but frame conjectures, the poet incurred the displeasure of Augustus, and was, in consequence, banished to Tomi, the modern Tomiswar, or Baba, a town situated on the west coast of the Euxine, thirty-six miles from the mouth of the Danube. The love of our great moralist for the British metropolis had its parallel in that of Ovid for Rome; and the decree that consigned him in hopeless exile to Tomi was to him no less appalling than would have been to Johnson an order to quit London for ever for one of the Hebrides. But resistance or escape was impossible. Delaying his departure till the last moment, he at length, with a heavy heart, bade farewell to his wife and to the few friends who remained faithful in adversity, took his last look by moonlight of the city and the Capitol, and set out on his cheerless and solitary journey. Leaving Rome in the middle of winter, he reached the place of his destination in the ensuing spring.

We cannot better close this sketch than in the elegant language of Professor Ramsay:—

"Ninety-six poems in elegiac verse serve as a and chronicle of the sufferings he endured during his journey and while in exile. They exhibit a melancholy picture of the mental prostration of the gay, witty, voluptuous Roman, suddenly snatched from the midst of the most polished society of the age, from the exciting pleasures of the capital of the world, from the charms of a delicious climate, and abandoned to his own resources among a horde of rude soldier peasants, in a remote half-civilised frontier garrison, beneath a Scythian sky. Notwithstanding the exertions of powerful friends, notwithstanding the expostulations, entreaties, prayers, and servile abasement of the unfortunate victim, Augustus, and his successor Tiberius, remained alike inexorable; and Ovid died of a broken heart, in the sixtieth year of his age, and in the tenth of his banishment."

Eleven poems ascribed to this writer are still extant, some of which, however, are mere fragments. The *Fasti*, with which we begin our selections, is a work which was in progress when its author was banished. He projected its completion in twelve books; a distribution corresponding to the number of signs in the zodiac, and of months in the year. Of these only six remain. Their title is derived from that of the tablets hung up in different quarters of Rome, on which were inscribed in order the days of the year, with notes of their various distinctions—tablets, the nature and uses of which the designation *stone-almanacs* will most simply and exactly indicate. The object of Ovid's work is the illustration of these records. It thus embraces a vast variety of disquisitions, some mythological, and some historical. It details, in due succession, the festivals in the Roman calendar, investigates the reasons of their appointment, and describes the mode in which each was solemnised. On account of the fulness with which it discusses these and similar topics, the work is held in the highest estimation by the learned. The following passage enlivens the earlier section of the first book. The poet inquires of Janus (from which divinity *January* derives its name) why the year opens in winter and not in

#### SPRING.

Why should grim frosts the year's renewal bring?  
A mæter usher were the jocund spring;  
Then all's in bloom; then Nature's rising time;  
Then swells the grape in promise of its prime;  
Then creeps the naked tree the foliage round;  
Peeps the green herb above the parent ground;  
The birds pour music on the balmy gale,  
The lambskins frisk athwart the flow'ry vale;  
Warm beats the sun; the swallow now appears,  
And 'neath the caves her nest of clay she rears;  
Relax'd by breeze, and shower, and sun, the soil  
Invites the ploughman to his grateful toil;  
Winter, be just!—the honours stolen resign;  
The opening of the year, fair Spring, by right is thine!

The poet's subject leads him, at a further stage of the same book, into an exposition of the apparent motions of the heavenly bodies, and to this he prefixes the following

#### PANEGYRIC ON ASTRONOMY.

Oh! happy souls! to whom at first 'twas given  
To scan the stars and scale the lofty heaven;  
Spurning the earth, who sprang to purer climes,  
Alike above man's dwelling and his crimes!  
'Gainst love and wine the sages' breasts were steel'd,  
The Forum lur'd not, nor the battle field;  
Ambition sought in vain their hearts to sway,  
From gold and painted fame turn'd proudly they;  
Tutor'd to read the stars the human eye,  
And show'd their genius loftier than the sky.  
So heaven is gain'd; nor need Olympus prop  
The bulk of Ossa on his hoary top,  
Nor Pelion, poised on Ossa, crown the pile,  
And scowl invasion on the skies the while!

The ancients fabled that the twin giants, Otus and Ephialtes, each nine fathoms in height, piled these mountains on each other, in their war against the gods, in order to storm their celestial residence. To this legend the last lines allude. It is intimated that the philosophers, who are the subjects of the eulogium, mounted to heaven, in another and a sublimer sense.

Near the commencement of the second book, the romantic story of Arion, previously narrated in prose by Herodotus, is elegantly versified by Ovid. Arion was a celebrated musician and poet of Lesbos. He remained a while at the court of Periander, Prince of Corinth, whence he travelled into Italy and Sicily. In these countries he amassed considerable wealth by the exercise of his profession. Being seized with a desire to return to his patron, he embarked at Tarentum in a Corinthian vessel. The poet describes the conspiracy of the seamen, and its marvellous issue:—

#### ARION.

Well known to fame the minstrel and the lay  
That held the streamlets lingering on their way!  
 Oft when he sung, the lamb, though chased, halt stood,  
 The wolf a while unsleek'd his thirst of blood;  
 Oft bound and hard beneath one shade reclined,  
 And near'd unharmed the lincens'd hind;  
 Perch'd by the owl, the crow hath ceased to talk,  
 The dove consoorted with the hostile hawk;  
 And Cynthia's self, 'tis said, drunk in the tone,  
 As if its music were her brother's own.

\* Ramsay's Life of Ovid, prefixed to *Elegiac Extracts*. Glasgow: 1866.

† *Cynthia* and *Cynthia* were surnames respectively of Apollo and Diana, from *Cynthia*, a mountain in the island of Delos, where they were born.

Sicilia's cities with Arion rung,  
And charn'd Ausonia on the master hung;  
 Sated with fame, now Greece recalls her son,  
 And bears the bark the gold his art hath won.  
 Perchance, blind voyager, thou drest in the seal!  
 Yet know 'tis safer than thy ship to thee.  
 Around the crew with guilty purpose stand,  
 For thee their chief unseals his murderous brand;  
 Weapon unsheath'd!—thy veering ship control,  
 The sword forego, thou man of ruthless soul!  
 Arion fear'd, yet no alarm betray'd,  
 To life he clung, yet not for life he pray'd:  
 "Yet, ere your victim by your hands expire,  
 Grant him," he cries, "once more to wake the lyre."  
 The boon's conceded—now his brows are bound  
 By chaplet Phœbus' locks might play around;  
 Duns he the robe imbued with Tyrian stain,  
 And pours the harp its own familiar strain.  
 Thus the ad swan, when in his temples clings  
 The deadly dart, his plaintive ditty sings.  
 But see, in full attire, the minstrel leap  
 On the broad bosom of the circling deep!  
 While splashings, scatter'd from the ocean tide,  
 The spray cerulean on the vessel's side!  
 Then, as they tell, athwart the watery plains,  
 A dolphin's back Arion's weight sustains:  
 He hugs his hire, and, as he sails along,  
 Lulls the blue billows by his witching song.  
 Heaven smiles on pious deeds; Jove sees on high,  
 And bears the dutiful dolphin to the sky;  
 Bids him above a constellation shine,  
 And, pleased, apportions him the twinkling nine.

Such, according to the poet, was the reward of the dolphin. The subsequent fortunes of Arion and the mariners may be related in the words of Herodotus:—"Arion was conveyed on the back of a dolphin to Tænarus, whence he proceeded, in the same dress, to Corinth. There he detailed every thing that had happened. Periander, being incredulous, held him in custody, and kept, meanwhile, a sharp look-out for the sailors. So, when they arrived, he summoned them into his presence, and demanded whether they had ought to tell of Arion. Having replied that he was safe in Italy, and that they had left him faring well at Tarentum, Arion, dressed as he had jumped into the sea, suddenly confronted them. They, overwhelmed with confusion, could no longer disavow their guilt. These things both the Corinthians and the Lesbians affirm. And there is at Tænarus a small brazen statue of a man seated on a dolphin, the offering of Arion." It is, notwithstanding, by no means improbable, that the legend is a corruption of the inspired history of the prophet Jonah.

The remarkable attention paid by the ancients to the rites of sepulture, is probably attributable to the belief that the due discharge of these was indispensable to the repose of their departed friends in the other world. The poetical tended to give shape and stability to the popular error, by depicting the shades of the unentombed wandering gloomy and disconsolate on the nearer bank of Styx, forbidden, for one hundred years, to pass across to their destined abodes. We are not, therefore, to be astonished at the pomp and costliness of Roman funerals. Of these some idea may be formed from the statement of Pliny, that one Iseidorus, a private individual, left a sum equivalent to £9000, to defray the expenses connected with his interment. In addition to family rites, two public festivals, one of which fell in February and the other in May, were annually celebrated at Rome in honour of the dead. Our next extract relates to the former, which was called *Feralia*. The reader will note the curious coincidence between the superstitions adverted to by Ovid, and some still lingering in our own country. To explain the allusion in the closing portion of the passage, we may state that torches were in use both at burials and weddings. Hence, between either torch became a mode of expressing between marriage and death. Some derive the word *funeral* (*funus*) from *funis*, a rope, because the tapers used at burials were made of cord, surrounded by wax or tallow. These verses may be entitled

#### THE FESTIVAL OF THE DEAD.

The dead have dues: to soothe their spirits come,  
 And fetch your offerings to the recent tomb.  
 They seek but little: all their avarice fled,  
 Love's slightest tribute placeth well the dead.  
 Enough if garlands on their roof be thrown,  
 The meal and salt in scanty measure strewn;  
 Flour, soaked in wine, if friendly mourners bring,  
 And artless violets o'er their ashes fling.  
 While last these rites, defer, each widow'd dame,  
 On other days the nuptial torch must flame;  
 Nor, though an eager mother urge the fair,  
 May then the spear divide the virgin's hair:  
 Snatch, Hymen, snatch thy torch from fires that shed  
 Their baleful radiance only for the dead!  
 Or youth or maid in vain may fret or pine—  
 The torch funeral ill consorts with thine.  
 The gods themselves a while their rights must pend,  
 The shrine a while no incense upward send;  
 For now abroad the airy spectres glide,  
 And snatch the mortal pious hands provide.

The theory of the ancients with regard to the partition, if the term may be allowed, of the soul after death, has been accurately stated under the head "Apparitions," by a writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. They supposed that dissolution resolved it into three distinct existences. The thinking principle—the subject of consciousness and seat of personal identity—descended to its appropriate mansion in the nether regions. The vital principle, which they conceived of as an unconscious spiritual essence, ascended to heaven, and mingled with the soul of the universe.

\* Herodotus, book I. chap. 24.

† Observe that the poet is speaking of ceremonies subsequent to interment.



The shade or ghost which haunted the tomb, and fed on the meagre viands enumerated by the poet, was considered as more allied to corporeity—a sort of animated emanation from the body, in which the embers of old desires, and the remembrance of old associations, were still feebly surviving. This explanation will throw much light on what is at best a perplexing subject. Another allusion in the above passage is cleared up by the statement that the hair of the bride, on the day of her nuptials, was parted into six locks by the point of a spear. The design of this ceremony is not precisely known. The supposition that it indicated matrimony to be a state subject to occasional suffering and privation, and demanding the relinquishment of maiden timidity, may perhaps be acquiesced in.

Minerva, whose functions are the theme of the next extract, was an ancient Etrurian goddess, and may be viewed as the impersonation of the reasoning and inventive faculties. The warlike attributes with which she was subsequently invested, when identified with the Grecian Pallas, did not enter as an element into the old Italian conception. These, however, were always in keeping with her more appropriate characteristics; her courage was guided and controlled by her prudence. She was the first shipbuilder; the inventress of the flute, the loom, and the distaff; the tutelary divinity of trades and professions; the common patroness of artists and artisans. Minerva, with all her demureness, had, it seems, a spice of female vanity. Being rallied on one occasion, while playing on the flute, about the distortions of her visage, and having ascertained, by looking in a fountain, the truth of the charge, she flung away in disgust her favourite instrument. Arachne, for presuming to vie with her in weaving, she transformed into a spider.

Minerva is represented, in ancient works of art, as a virgin in full armour, brandishing in her right hand a spear, and grasping with her left the terrible shield, whereon was fixed the head of Medusa, the sight of which turned the beholder into stone. Her eyes are of a light blue colour, and the general expression of her countenance is that of austere and frigid beauty.

Epeus, mentioned below, was the cunning constructor of the Trojan horse. Tychius was the Greek Crispin.

## MINERVA.

Ye youths and maids, to Pallas honour pay!  
Who pleaseth her shall well his craft away:  
By her, ye damsels draw the pliant yarn;  
The plensh'd distaff to unburlen learn:  
The rapid shuttle through the warp to run  
She trains, and binds the sever'd threads in one:  
Revere her, ye who tarnish'd robes renew,  
And ye who lend the fleece its crimson hue!  
What luckless wight may make the sandal suit,  
If Pallas frown, the testy owner's foot—  
Though his Epeus' manual skill excel,  
And Tychius' self scarce know the craft so well!  
To honour her, ye heeches, yield your part,  
The patron goddess of the healing art!  
Ye oft-bilk'd crowd the urchin race who rule,  
'Tis she attracts fresh learners to the school!  
Who scour the gem, or deep the colour burn,\*  
Or who the breathing marble fealty turn—  
Revere her all! she brush and chisel guides,  
And o'er a thousand various arts presides:  
She lends its polish to the poet's line;  
Should I deserve, she e'en may succour mine.

Many other passages might be culled from the "Fasti," equally pleasing to the man of taste, or equally curious to the antiquary. But the works of Ovid are so numerous, and in general so lengthy, that it is impossible to extend our review of this poem without undue brevity in our notices of the rest. For the present, we conclude by observing that the last-cited extract may help to disabuse some minds of that exaggerated veneration for the past which seems almost instinctively to spring up within us. It may serve as a wholesome corrective to our lurking fondness for those lofty and romantic attributes which our fancy has caused to cluster and cling around the men and the manners of antiquity. It may serve in part to dissipate that halo of unreal splendour with which we love to encircle every thing that is old, and show in part the fallacy of those associations by which we would thrust all the vulgar into the present, and concede to the past a monopoly of the grand. How forcibly, for example, does the casual mention of a single familiar grievance—the introduction of which here is much more remarkable than in the pages of the professed satirist Juvenal—a grievance which, as perpetuated in modern times, has often formed the subject of comment and of animadversion in this Journal—convey to us the lesson that the great phases of society, like the prominent features of external nature, are in all ages similar! The wildest fluctuations of human affairs but agitate the surface; the mass beneath is unshifting and calm. In the great social metempsychosis the same conventional forms are ever reappearing, and the same relative parts are ever re-enacted. They of the olden time were men of like passions, and like pursuits, and like engrossments, with ourselves. Every ancient a hero! Paha! The cobbler was plying his awl, and the weaver his shuttle, in the capital of the world, at the brilliant epoch of Augustus; the poor dandies of the day sent their faded finery to the renovator's; the thrifty Roman matrons grudged the schoolmaster's account; and could you have peeped into one of the

minor seminaries, you might have seen the birch uplifted over some blubbing urchin by the gaunt apparition of Ichabod Crane; or have heard, expounding some primitive edition of Latin Rudiments, the harsh yet kindly bass of an earlier Dominic Sampson.

## THE PROCESS OF MACLOU GERARD.

[A MODERN CAUSE CELEBRE.]

On the 5th of October 1819, a young man stood at the bar of the Court of Montmerson, in the department of the Landes, accused of the commission of a serious crime. The history of the case may be best gathered from the following summary of the advocate's address to the jury in favour of the prisoner.

Maclou Gerard was the only son of an humble but respectable farmer near St Etienne. At the age of ten, the youth left his home, being placed in the establishment of M. de Laborde, a wealthy proprietor of the Landes, who at first intended to train up Maclou as a domestic, hoping to make of him an attached and useful one. Ere long, however, the boy won so much upon the affections of his patron, that the latter resolved to give him the advantages of a superior education, and to take corresponding care of his fortunes in life. From that time forwards, Maclou Gerard became like an adopted child of the house, and grew up on terms of apparent equality with Mademoiselle Marie de Laborde, the daughter of his benefactor. The children were mates at school and play, being nearly of the same age.

At sixteen, Marie de Laborde had sprung up into a very lovely young woman, and Maclou Gerard, at the same epoch, was even more peculiarly remarkable for personal advantages. He possessed, besides, a mind now highly cultivated. He had acquired the dead and several of the living languages; was well instructed in drawing, music, and other accomplishments; and displayed an elegant taste for poetry. In short, the young peasant of St Etienne showed no traces of the comparative humility of his birth and early breeding. Thrown constantly together, in the case of these young people the usual and natural consequences took place. They loved each other; and M. de Laborde soon saw the error he had committed, in giving opportunities for such a result. Though at heart good-natured, he was a proud and weak-minded man, and began to treat Maclou in a very harsh way, as if the youth was really the party in fault. At first, M. de Laborde only grumbled and murmured against his poor protégé; by and by, he stormed against and insulted him; and, finally, seeing matters not likely to be otherwise cured, he resolved to expel from his mansion the youth who had (he said) behaved so ungratefully.

Mild in temper, and mindful of past benefactions, poor Maclou Gerard confined to his own bosom his anguish when M. de Laborde imperiously exacted from him the following promises. "You will go immediately to the new farm which I have given to your father at a league or two's distance. You promise you will never seek to see my daughter, and never set foot in this village again!" Maclou gave these promises with a sad heart. "But if you would have me pardon your ingratitude in lifting your eyes to my daughter, you must do yet more," said M. de Laborde. "Would you have me dead?" asked Maclou, mournfully. "No; but I wish you to promise, that if you meet Mademoiselle de Laborde, you will not speak to her." Maclou Gerard gave the desired promise. On that same evening, divesting himself of the handsome attire which he owed to the former friendliness of M. de Laborde, he put on the garb of a peasant, and set off for his father's house.

For some time after his arrival there, the young man struggled earnestly to accommodate himself to his altered position. He had been wont to wield a pen—he took up in its place a hatchet; he had been used to labour in the field of letters and poetry—and he now set himself to toil on the sterile soil of the Landes. The rude jeers of the more skilful boors around him he bore unarmingly. In every respect, indeed, he made a manful struggle against fortune; but it did not last long. His spirits and strength gradually deserted him. Hope gave place to despair; and it was soon apparent to his anxious father, that the very reason of his unfortunate son was tottering on its throne. One day Maclou Gerard proved the justice of these fears, by raising a weapon against his own life. By an accident, he did not injure himself; but the moment was a critical one. When the weapon fell harmless from his hands, his reason also departed!

It was afterwards said, by some persons concerned in establishing the opposite fact, that the young man had never lost his mental balance. This was an error. It is true that he was a monomaniac of the most harmless kind, gentle, tranquil, and melancholy; but he was not the less unsettled in his wits. He roamed the dark woods all day, and often through the whole night, talking to the trees, or to a beautiful vision which was ever by his side. The birds seemed familiar with him, and scarcely fled his approach. He was so perfectly innocent, that no one harmed him, but at the same time so weakened in reason, that the village boys could make him dance to them for hours; and many, many would gather to look on the poor innocent, for he excelled in the accomplishment. He also sang beautifully, and the villagers loved well to hear him. Strange to say, he still wrote songs, and songs that indicated

a full sense of the sad state into which he had fallen. A verse or two of one of his songs was produced in court, when his condition was afterwards inquired into.

Who, when he sees, at morning tide,  
The bird desert its nest,  
Can make it warble by his side,  
Or nestle in his breast?  
It is Maclou, the innocent,  
The crazy village-boy,  
Who now pours forth a wild lament,  
Now chants a stave of joy!  
Who knows at evening fall to sing  
Such songs beside the hearth,  
As can the tears to bright eyes bring,  
Or children fill with mirth?  
It is Maclou, &c.  
What time the butterfly doth tower  
With pinion bright in air,  
As if it were a winged flower,  
Who runs to cull it there?  
It is Maclou, &c.

For two years the mania of Maclou Gerard under went no change, until a strange accident wrought effects upon his condition at once happy and disastrous. Mademoiselle Marie de Laborde suddenly and unexpectedly paid a visit to his father's cottage. The young lady, in spite of the care of her father, had latterly received a hint of the real state into which poor Maclou had fallen; and then the wish to see him, suppressed before with difficulty at her father's command, became altogether uncontrollable. She had been partly prepared for an alteration, but not such a one as she found in Maclou. The countenance on which the light of intellect once played vividly, was mantled in unmeaning smiles—the smiles of helpless imbecility. He gave Marie no other sign of recognition. Deeply shocked, and blaming herself bitterly as the cause of the ill, the young lady knelt on the floor before him, as if to ask pardon, and burst into a flood of tears.

The sight produced an instantaneous effect on Maclou. He knelt down beside her, and endeavoured, with trembling lips, to kiss away the pearly drops as they fell. "You know me, then, dear Maclou!" cried the young lady, eagerly; "oh, thank Heaven! I am come to see you, to speak with you, to save you! Sit down by me, dearest Maclou; I will embrace you because I love you—and yet I detest you!" "Detest me!" cried Maclou, in an anxious voice. "I shall tell you wherefore," answered Marie. "The other day I had walked and wandered till I came to the limits of the lands of St Magne. There I saw a young man lying on the ground; the birds seemed to flutter and warble close by him without fear. I knew him. Trembling with anxiety, I called to him 'Maclou! Maclou!' The ingrate heard me, and looked; but immediately afterwards he fled and left me." "It is true," said Maclou, and he spoke the truth. The commands of M. de Laborde had been too deeply stamped upon his brain to be forgotten amid all his craziness. Marie heard his answer, and resumed her discourse. "Listen to me, Maclou. They wish to marry me to M. de Lachapelle, a rich gentleman whom I have seen once or twice. He is very gallant, and tells me he will die without me; but I detest him. Are you pleased with me, Maclou?" The poor youth, whose faculties seemed to have been wonderfully revived by the presence of Marie, only smiled in reply. Marie continued—"Yes, this marriage never shall take place. My father cannot persist in what will kill me. And for you, Maclou, I have already spoken to an excellent physician; he will come every day to see you, and I shall come too. You will recover your strength soon; and, as I never can love any other, my father must consent to your coming back to us, never to go away again. But now we must part. Hold, however; I have a present—it is a knife, a knife for the woods, with both our initials upon it, and a chain of silver."

"Ah!" cried Maclou, with a trembling voice, "do not give it to me, Marie; it is fatal as a gift! Sell it to me; here is a piece of money for it." "Well, well, dear Maclou," said Marie, "as you please. Why," continued she, turning with a joyful tear in her eye to the father of her lover, who had witnessed the scene, "I find him well and thoughtful. Come, I have a long way to walk. Will you go so far with me?"

Maclou joyfully assented; and, about six in the evening, the pair set out on their way, arm in arm. After a short walk, they reached the bank of the Gave, a stream which serves as the boundary between the Landes and Basses-Pyrenees. The Gave is in some places very deep, and the path which the lovers entered upon is a very narrow foot-way, closely overhanging the river. One only could pursue the path at a time; and Maclou was desired by Marie to go before her. He did so, and for a time they walked on, conversing kindly, until Marie chanced to mention M. de Lachapelle. The name jarred on the confused brain of the young man. He stooped suddenly. "Halt!" he said, wildly; "who is this M. de Lachapelle?" "I told you, Maclou, that he was the husband my father would have me to take," said Marie. "And you will wed this miserable man of wealth?" asked the agitated Maclou. "Dear Maclou," answered Marie, somewhat alarmed at his manner, "you forgot: I assured you that I would never marry him." "You deceive me!" cried the youth; "you are going home to wed him; he is waiting for you now." "He is our neighbour, and may be with my father just now," said Marie; "but I will never wed him, Maclou." "You deceive me!" cried the youth, with increasing wildness of tone; "you are about to abandon me!

\* The ancient art of painting in encaustic, now lost, is here meant.



"You shall return home no more!" "Dearest Maclou, what mean you?" asked the alarmed young lady. "You have given me a knife!" exclaimed he; "it was meant to punish treachery, and I will use it." "Maclou! leave me, or I shall cry for help!" answered the trembling girl; "I love you—I will never forsake you!" "You will!" said Maclou. He had now unsheathed the knife. Marie screamed loudly, and attempted to retreat; but the excited Maclou grasped her arm, struck her one blow, and she fell down the bank into the deep waters of the Gave!

Her screams had happily been heard. They were heard by one, who, knowing the unsettled state of the crazed youth, had watched the pair on their whole route. It was the father of Maclou Gerard. He was near enough to rescue the young lady from the waters, ere she had been there many minutes. Let the advocate for Maclou Gerard, at the trial which followed, tell the rest in his own words. "Gentlemen, the young lady was saved. Beautiful as formerly, and in blooming health, she is now before you, and listens to me, alternately with sobs and smiles. She has long pardoned Maclou Gerard. But how am I to describe the effect of his wild act on the young man himself? Gentlemen, feelings of terror and remorse, and, above all, the spectacle of the young object of his love, bleeding, insensible, and apparently dying before him, had the effect of perfectly restoring the reason of Maclou Gerard, the shock operating apparently on his mental system as the electrical fluid acts on the organs of physical sensation." The advocate then concluded by calling upon the public tribunal for that pardon, which the condition of the youth had already gained for him from the private parties concerned. And a full acquittal was indeed the result.

Restored to reason, Maclou Gerard was also reinstated in the favour and friendship of M. de Laborde, whom reflection had made conscious of his being the cause of Maclou's misfortunes, and who saw his daughter's attachment to be unalterable. A short term of prudent probation was all that the father demanded, ere he sanctioned the union of Maclou and Marie.

### THREE YEARS IN PERSIA.\*

THIS is the title of an amusing work, which comes down to the year 1839, and consequently gives the latest general intelligence from a country with which, shortly before, England had been obliged to break off all diplomatic and commercial relations, though we believe Sir John McNeill, our late envoy to the court of Persia, is by this time again on his way to the British residency at Tehran, the modern capital. It is unnecessary for us here to examine the author's details respecting the Persian climate and soil, which, like those of Russia, vary between extremes, though the cold is never so intense as in the latter. We will confine ourselves to the characteristics of the people, which Mr Fowler has had peculiar opportunities of examining, being hampered neither by etiquette nor by business; cheerfully putting up with rough and smooth; but, above all, a man able and willing to pay his way in all directions—no small recommendation to the Persians, as the subjoined extract will show.

"From the prince to the peasant, the vice of avarice prevails to an eminent degree in Persia. Money is not only the great lever, but the very stamina of existence in this country; and the love of it is so engrained in the Persian character as to amount to a complete absorption of thought. Tenacity in keeping, and ingenuity in concealing money, are remarkable in Persia. I have seen them clothed in rage—I have travelled with seeming mendicants, to whom I thought a pipe of tobacco to be a charity—the lining of their pack-saddles being at the time stuffed with ducats. To overhear their conversations, it is all about *pu*—money; and it is astonishing to all inquirers whence they draw their supplies, being, as they are, without gold or silver mines, and the balance of trade being so much against Persia as to require horse-loads of ducats being sent by almost every Tartar to Constantinople. On my first arrival in Persia, there was a very alarming scarcity of gold, owing to the heavy contribution imposed by Russia as an indemnification for the late war, amounting to eight crores of tomanas, or about three millions sterling. The Governor of Magara, Jaffier Kouli Khan, died during my stay at Tabreez, and was supposed to have possessed immense wealth. The custom of burying money in the ground is not unusual in Persia; and in this way it was reported that he had deposited large sums. Whilst on his death-bed, being informed that his remaining days would be but few, nothing could prevail upon him to reveal the place where he had interred his treasure. Some creditors therefore became clamorous, and he obtained a dispensation from the Ameer y Nizam, that he should die in peace from their importunities. His father had been known to have buried large sums of money twice, and on each occasion to have murdered the servant that accompanied

him, to prevent disclosures. So decided was the opinion that Jaffier Kouli Khan had deposited large treasures in the ground, that the government authorities commenced a search after his death, assisted by the Ameer himself. The servants were bribed, threatened, and at length cruelly bastinadoed, in the hope that they would divulge that of which they knew nothing! Nothing touches the soul of the king so much as the sight of money—it is irresistible: it is money that raised him to the throne; it is money that keeps him there; it will purchase every thing within his gift, even life itself, as history relates in many instances. The king dips into the pockets of his subjects, whether he wants to build a palace, to marry one of his many sons, or to pay his doctor for some miraculous cure. In the latter case, the shah sends to the villages to announce his astonishing recovery, adding, 'Praise the Lord! Help me to pay the doctor!' Presently two or three thousand tomanas\* are collected; but only one-half goes to the doctor, the remainder finds its way into the royal treasury. Royal avarice stoops so low, that the shah or king will sometimes make the rounds of the bazaars to see what he can pick up. 'Very good cloth; the king would like a coat of this.' With profound humility at the honour, it is immediately delivered to the attendants. One of the ingenious contrivances of Futtee Ali Shah, the late monarch, to get money, was to challenge some of the khans or nobles of the court to shoot at a mark for a certain sum, perhaps the amount of four or five hundred tomanas. Of course, the royal honour can never be declined, and his majesty must have the first shot. He was reputed to be an excellent marksman; yet, lest he should fail, and so large a sum being at stake, some contrivance was necessary to prevent all risk. The sheep is brought out to a great distance; its leg is tied with a long rope, held by a confidential attendant, who is instructed, the moment the shah fires, to pull down the animal, as though it had dropped dead from the ball. The distance is too great for the khans to be supposed to see the royal trick, although every one is acquainted with it before he goes to the field. In this way his majesty, delighted at the success of his stratagem, has won many a wager from his khans. The British residence was robbed during my stay in Persia, though not then occupied by the *elchee* or envoy; an English colonel's lady was plundered of the value of £100; but no redress was obtained, and it was presumed that the vizier had profited by the robbery. Amongst the Persians, civil robbery is no crime—so the money is obtained, no matter how. The khan governing Resht being very rich, the king wanted to extract some money from him, but having no fair pretence, his majesty hit upon the expedient of frightening him, as it were, out of his government, by saying that another khan had offered one hundred thousand tomanas to be installed into it. 'By the soul of the king, 'tis true,' said the shah, who always speaks of himself in the third person. 'I am your slave,' said the governor; 'I am your sacrifice.' And such he was, being obliged to pay the money. The late Abbas Meerza, Crown Prince of Persia, was the most intelligent, honourable, and promising member of the royal race that had long been seen. Having thought it necessary to dismiss the governor of Azertijan, the ejected khan offered forty thousand tomanas to Futtee Ali Shah, the prince's father, to be reinstated. The money was accepted, and the letter of authority given to the khan, who went back rejoicing to the prince. His highness read the letter, and exclaimed, 'There is no God but God!' and then told the khan that he was a fool and a scoundrel, and unless he were off in an instant he would be bastinadoed. Returning once more to the king, the khan complained bitterly; but he was only ridiculed; the *rakum*, or letter, had been granted according to promise. The prince was so exasperated at the khan's second application to the king, that, having invited the ex-governor back by fair promises, his highness pillaged him of every thing he had, and sent him into exile. The taxes are levied like plunder; when money cannot be had, they are taken in kind. The chancellor of the exchequer has no credit with the merchants; his bills were almost at fifty per cent. discount when I was at Tabreez; indeed, having received them, there would be considerable danger in asking for payment. Thus, this universal passion for money disorganises the whole frame of government and of society. A gang of robbers will send a deputation to a city, threatening to plunder it unless the merchants pay a certain sum each to be let alone. Those who pay escape for the time; those who do not, are robbed and perhaps murdered. In this manner Bushire was lately sacked; property to the amount of £300,000 was carried off; and the governor of the district shared in the booty, and was actually the instigator of the outrage, though he was a prince of the blood! Sir John Malcolm tells of a certain khan, who, when he first viewed the wealth and extent of Calcutta, exclaimed, 'What a fine place for plunder!'

The houses in town or country are chiefly built of mud, and sunk in the ground, the roofs only appearing over the surface. Hence, as you approach a city, you see only the domes of the mosques. The Persians are most devout Mahomedans. Every man has the Koran by heart, and their gates and walls are covered with inscriptions from it. Furthermore, they pray with the utmost fervour several times a day; they are, not-

withstanding, the greatest liars in the world; but, say they, 'although we tell lies ourselves, we do not like it in others.' The Persians and Turks, though staunch believers in Mahomed and the Koran, call each other heretics, because they cannot agree about some points of doctrine which are not worth a straw, and can never be cleared up; and, consequently, they mutually persecute with untiring zeal, respectively believing that they acquire merit and forgiveness before God, in proportion as they spread misery amongst their brother Mussulmans! With no less zeal, there is another large congregation who eschew both sides of the question, and devoutly worship the devil. They offer up valuable sacrifices, and all they pray for is, that his most infernal majesty will be pleased to let them alone! The Persians, however, give alms from religious feelings, and, actuated also by the love of fame, they build mosques and caravansaries."

Under the superstition which universally prevails, every great man in Persia keeps an astrologer, to be consulted on all important occasions. "Some years ago, when an ambassador was about to proceed to India, he was informed by his astrologer of a most fortunate conjunction of the stars, which, if missed, might not occur again for some months. He instantly determined, though he could not embark, as the ship was not ready which was to carry him, to remove from his house in the town of Aburshir, to his tents, which were pitched in a village five miles from him. It was, however, discovered by the astrologer, that his excellency could not go out of the door of his own dwelling, nor at the gate of the fort, as an invisible but baneful constellation was directly opposite, and shed its influence in that direction. To remedy this, a large aperture was made in the wall of the house; but that only opened into the neighbour's, and four or five walls more were to be cut through before the ambassador and his friends, who included the principal men, could reach the street. They then went to the beach, where it was intended to take a boat, and proceed four miles by sea, in order that their backs might be turned on the dreaded constellation. But the sea was rough, and the party were encountering a real danger in order to avoid an imaginary one. In this dilemma the governor was solicited to allow a part of the wall to be thrown down, that a mission, on which so much depended, might not be exposed to misfortune. The request, extraordinary as it may appear, was complied with, and the cavalcade marched over the beach to their tents. The astrologer rode near the ambassador to remind his excellency of the importance of keeping his head in one position; and by this aid his excellency reached his tent, without any occurrence that could tend to disturb the good fortune that was augured to result from his having departed from home at the propitious moment. The ambassador's conduct in this instance, whilst it satisfied his own mind, met, no doubt, with the highest approbation of the court, and it gave confidence to his attendants; for the natives of Persia, from the highest to the lowest, have faith in this delusive science."

"My chief information respecting domestic life in Persia was derived from a khamum; and to account for this—it being all but impossible for a Christian stranger to make his way into female society—I must say that she was no other than a countrywoman. It required no little courage in an English female to follow one of the 'Persian youths,' as they were then called, who were sent to England in 1816, under the care of Colonel D'Arcy, for a professional education. This 'youth' is now a burly khan of nearly half a ton weight, the chief of the arsenal at Tehran. She did so, however, and the leading feature of the marriage-contract was, that he should take no other wife to himself during her lifetime; to which contract, I believe, he was faithful. I was much struck to hear my own vernacular spoken by a veiled and hooded khamum. She had set up quite an English household, and her establishment was altogether respectable. Her husband was kind and liberal. Their little girl was brought up by his family to the most rigid orthodox faith, whilst the mother retained her Christian profession. Being shrewd and intelligent, and having acquired some proficiency in the language, she was frequently invited to see the prince's wives. She had also a fine taste for drawing, of which I saw many exquisite specimens. Scarcely any other European, perhaps, had seen so much of the domesticity of the harem before; yet all her description of the proceedings of those secluded beauties, might be summed up in Marmontel's remark—"They pass one-half of their lives in doing nothing, and the other in making nothings." At my second visit to Persia, in 1831, my countrywoman had been buried in a garden outside the town, having succumbed to the plague or cholera. The khan had taken to himself two other wives, and was looking as jocund as ever. The little girl was no longer visible to me: as I went to pay her a visit, she ran off with most amusing speed, burying her face in her hands, with all that shamefacedness so peculiar to this people."

Mr Fowler says the Persians are fine men. The soldiers of the shah have been trained in British tactics by Major Hart, the late Persian generalissimo, and Sir Henry Bethune, who was sent over some years ago, by our government. In the late war with Russia, they proved themselves as brave as their opponents; and that they fight like Russians, is as much as can be said for the valour of any men. The people like

\* Three Years in Persia, with Travelling Adventures in Kurdistan. By George Fowler, Esq. Two vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1841.

\* A toman is equal to about ten shillings.



British manufactures. At the respective levees of the shah and the crown prince, Mr Fowler found the cousin of the sun and moon sitting in an English chair. But, whether through Russian adroitness or English blundering—for our author speaks of both—there is now no treaty under which English goods can be introduced into Persia. We trust this will not be much longer the case; the more so as we this moment learn that the reigning sovereign, Mahmoud Shah, who acknowledges that he owes his throne to the timely aid of British arms, is preparing to give Sir John McNeill a splendid reception.

We are unwilling to conclude with a word of censure, but it would be acting the part of a friend to tell our author that his style is far from being correct, inasmuch that he often says the reverse of what it is evident he means. The commercial or travelling man will find interesting details in the work; which also mentions one khan, whose generosity and ability would induce one to forget much of the vices of his countrymen.

#### A STORY OF TEA-POTS.

WHEN Corfu was ceded to Britain at the general division of spoils in 1815, the troops that were first sent out to garrison the island found a melancholy destitution of all those little comforts and conveniences of life that John Bull and his wife know so little how to dispense with. Miserable quarters, every article of furniture scarce and bad, the most common utensils for cookery unattainable, and such wretched shops, that you left hope at the door when you stepped over the threshold. In short, the shifts to which they were put were often so ludicrous, that the laugh they got at their own expense was the only consolation they had in their misery. But, of all the wants that afflicted their souls, none fell so heavily on their spirits as the want of tea-pots. Fancy any family in Great Britain without a tea-pot! Probably such an anomaly does not exist; but here there were three or four regiments—several hundreds of wretched Christians—without a tea-pot amongst them. But we are wrong when we say without a tea-pot—there was one tea-pot, a silver one, a piece of family plate that the owner had brought out with her to be used on grand occasions. But what a life it led!—and what a life its mistress led! It was certainly a grand thing to be the possessor of the only tea-pot in the island—the position was imposing; but the glory, like many other glories, was onerous in the extreme; and many a day poor Mrs H. was induced to wish that she had hid her light under a bushel, rather than have exposed herself to be eternally pestered for the loan of the tea-pot. Besides, it could not satisfy all wants; when Mrs A. had it, Mrs B. was obliged to go without it; and when Mrs C. sent for it, she was too often told that Mrs D.'s maid had just carried it away. Then, of course, it only circulated amongst the officers' families; the unfortunate soldiers' wives had not even the consolation of hoping to have a turn out of it; they had all heard of it—they knew that the thing existed, but that was all—they never so much as got a glimpse of it.

Such was the condition of the community, when, one fine morning, a small trading vessel was seen to sail into the harbour. It was a country vessel, as appeared by the rigging; and as they seldom brought any thing that was useful to the unfortunate exiles, there was not much to be hoped from it. However, as the smallest trifle would have been acceptable, as the beggars say, Colonel G. desired one of his sergeants to go down to the quay and inquire what they had on board. Picture to yourself, reader, what must have been the feelings of Sergeant L. on being informed by the captain that they were freighted with tea-pots! "What have you got?" said he. "Tea-pots!" said the captain. "You'll have plenty of custom, then, my fine fellow," said the sergeant, and away he flew to spread the news. "It's the most providentialist thing," he observed, "that ever happened," and indeed so thought every body. The blessed intelligence ran like wildfire. In ten minutes every woman in the garrison, high and low, and every bachelor that wanted to make a comfortable cup of tea for himself, might be seen rushing across the esplanade towards the quay pell-mell, all hurried and anxious, pushing and driving, each afraid of being last, lest the supply, being limited, should be exhausted before all wants were satisfied. "Which is the ship?" cried a chorus of eager voices to Sergeant L., who, flushed with conscious importance, headed the procession. "This is her," said he, as he stooped on to the deck of the little trader, accompanied by as many of his followers as could find footing, whilst the less fortunate candidates gathered to the side as close as they could, all with one voice vociferating "Tea-pots! tea-pots!—show us the tea-pots!" "Tea-pots!" echoed the captain, nodding his head affirmatively. "Where are the tea-pots? we all want tea-pots!" cried the English. "Tea-pots!" said the captain, with a smile and a bow—and the crew repeated after him "tea-pots!"

But by this time the extraordinary commotion had drawn to the shore, amongst other spectators of the scene, a certain Italian cook, who, happening to have a smattering both of English and Romaine, stepped forward to offer his services as interpreter. "He says he's freighted with tea-pots," said Sergeant L.; "do make him produce them." "What have you brought?"

said the cook to the captain. "Tea-pots!" replied the captain. "Ah!" said the cook, turning to the anxious expectants, "he say he bring *tipotas*—dat mean, in his language, nothing."

#### RECENT PROGRESS OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

THE recent accounts from South Australia give, upon the whole, a favourable view of the progress of the colony. It has now, for two years, been conducting the operations on which production depends, with laudable activity; so that the reproaches under which this colony formerly lay, no longer apply. The great cause of the former state of things, as far as it could justly be said to exist, was the unsurveyed state of the lands. Think of a colony commenced in November 1836, and constant new arrivals of emigrants thereafter, and yet no lands in a condition to be allotted till May 1838; the accumulated people all the time living on supplies from without. The desirableness of a survey and laying out of lots of land before the arrival of settlers, is surely made very clear by this lamentable circumstance in the history of South Australia.

In fact, 1839 was the year in which agricultural operations may be said to have commenced in this colony. Nearly 500 acres were then fenced and cultivated. In December 1840, the amount of cultivated land had reached 2915 acres, whereof 907 were in wheat, 258 in barley, 246 in oats, and 227 in potatoes. As fencing was then proceeding rapidly, there is every prospect of a rapid increase to the cultivated lands. It was expected that the produce of the harvest then getting in would be about 90,000 bushels, which, liable to a deduction for seed, would afford about half the supply required by the population, judging by the rate of consumption in the mother country. At the same period, there were two hundred thousand sheep and sixteen thousand head of cattle in South Australia. The population had then reached 15,000, of whom between six and seven thousand were settled in the capital, Adelaide.

South Australia is a striking example of something which only very recent times have presented to the attention of mankind. All colonies have heretofore been slow of progress, and attended by enormous difficulties. The colonies which now form the United States of America struggled for many years with physical and moral obstacles of the most appalling kind. The first settlers of a country in those days required to be of the stuff from which are made heroes and martyrs. But now we see a quiet transference of all the arrangements of British society to a new soil take place in a comparatively brief space of time. To use the language of a speech delivered by Governor Gawler in April 1840—"Three years and a half ago, the spot on which we are now standing was a desert unknown to Europeans. Now we are surrounded by a populous, and, to a considerable extent, a handsome city. Our principal streets are lined with well-filled warehouses and shops [the number is 200], and crowded by all the attendants of active traffic; handsome and substantial buildings are to be seen on every side, and are rapidly increasing [stone and brick houses 500, wooden houses 500, places of worship 13]. Our port, which a few years ago was an unknown salt-water creek, covered only by water-fowl, is now filled with large shipping from Europe, India, and the neighbouring colonies." The swamp is traversed by a substantial road, and handsome wharfs and warehouses are rising on its borders. \* \* \* The neighbourhood of the capital is studded with numerous and populous suburbs and villages, while the more distant country is rapidly assuming, in population, that healthy and natural proportion which it ought to bear to the metropolis. Farming establishments are in active formation on every side. \* \* \* Flocks and herds of cattle from New South Wales, following each other in countless succession, already cover a tract of two hundred miles in length. Our institutions are assuming a character of stability. Our public departments have attained a high degree of system and order. The aborigines have been kept under humane control. Property and private rights enjoy as much protection as in any country in the world; and peace, union, and good understanding reign throughout the community." These, merely in the eye of the philosophical observer, are surely most remarkable results.

The colony contains a superficies equal to France; the portions surveyed amount to nearly half a million of acres, of which about a third part has been appropriated. The settlements are scattered along the banks of rivers, and in other districts where the natural advantages are greatest. A gentleman who returned to the province from England, in July 1840, after an absence of eighteen months, was less struck by the increased size of Adelaide, than by the progress of things in the country around. "During a single day's ride, to visit a section twenty-eight miles from town, he no longer traversed the unoccupied desert of eighteen months ago, but was conducted to his property by well-defined roads, and through a country exhibiting all the bustle and life of agricultural operations. At the former period, the surveyed lands were scarcely open for settlers, and population in the interior, save

\* The complaints at first made respecting the accommodations at Port Adelaide have been removed by the erection of a wharf of 300 feet in length, having fourteen feet of water at the lowest point of ordinary tides.

here and there the solitary sheep-station of an adventurous bushman, there were none. Now substantial farm-houses on all sides, completed or in progress, were passed—hundreds of acres under thriving and healthy crops—scores of ploughs preparing for future cultivation—fencing proceeding with vigour and activity—in many places, the selected spots of the incipient village, the blacksmith's anvil is heard ringing merrily from morn to dewy eve—the wood-cutter, the sawyer, the carpenter, the wheelwright, the bricklayer, scarcely knowing which way to turn, to accomplish the tasks before them—flocks and herds grazing in all directions, and showing, by their sleek and well-rounded sides, the admirable quality of the natural herbage upon which they were luxuriating—the whole elements, in short, of colonial and national prosperity might be observed in full work." \* Another reporter adds—"So rapidly has the settlement of the fine valleys along the coast proceeded, that at present, in and within two miles of Morphett Vale alone, there are no less than twenty-one sheep and agricultural farms. On ascending the hills, the first farm is that of Captain O'Halloran, who has two whole sections completely and substantially fenced, and a large portion of them under cultivation. Mr Tapley, in the same neighbourhood, has also an extensive field under wheat. A little further on, Messrs Montgomery and Douglas have some fine land under cultivation; and in Hurtle Vale, Messrs Winter, Ferguson, Sharples, Reynell, Cunningham, and others whose names we forget, have large fields under crops of wheat, oats, and potatoes. In the next vale—Morphett Vale—which we already mentioned, Mr Brodie has a large field under wheat and potatoes. Messrs Murray and Greig have a considerable plot sown with similar crops; and Messrs Turner, Myles, Kelly, and several others, have also more or less under cultivation."

To come to a special case, we find a letter written in September 1840 by two Devonshire emigrants, Hewitt and Colton, who had arrived in the preceding January, and settled as tenants of the South Australian Company, in Doringa Valley, about twenty-two miles from Adelaide. "We have built our houses, houses for our men, dairies, fowl-houses, pig-sties, stock-yards, cow-yards, cow-pens, sheep-pens, gardens, and fenced with posts and rails the length of one and a half section; have sown about eight acres of wheat, four of which we managed after the Devonshire plan, and we must say we never saw better; the other part is looking well, much better I believe than in England, if managed in the same way as done here; also twelve acres of barley, which was finished last week. From having so many things to attend to, and willing to sow as much as possible, we have done it rough, but hope the next year to manage better: about one and a half acre of potatoes—those above ground cannot look better; have finished planting to-day. We have mangel-wurzel, seed and common turnips, with peas, beans, cabbage, carrots, &c. &c., all growing and looking remarkably well. As to the natural grasses, I believe they are much more nutritious than in England, also of a more mild nature, as we have nothing that is strong or rancid in the butter. For want of conveniences to take away the calves as in England, we have been obliged to rear them with the cows; besides which rearing and family use, sold from ten cows 49 lbs. of butter in seven days, and with three cows made 28 lbs. in seven days. As a proof of the enriching quality of the grass, we took up a pair of steers to work four months ago, when one turned wicked, and by some hurt which it received was obliged to be turned away again, but quite poor, and this week we have killed it good enough for any market in England. We have some heifers not yet calved, as good as can be shown in quality and fatness. It is a very healthy climate for all sorts of cattle and sheep: our herd is now sixty-four head of cattle, one mare and filly. In February we bought 140 ewes; we have now living 139 ewes (one having died with water in the head), also 178 living lambs, having lost about twenty by native dogs and wet weather in the night. We have no doubt but at the end of twelve months we shall count 420 in all. With small flocks, and attention, they will lamb twice a year. These sheep and cattle are watched by day by our own children; when we receive the sheep in the evening by tale, and so deliver them in the morning. The cows, &c., we fetch ourselves in the morning, and let two of the boys watch them only by day. Our men are constantly ploughing with oxen, or cutting and getting home wood for fencing or building. We have been jack-of-all-trades, as tradesmen's wages were so extravagantly high—say 15s. per day for carpenters, bricklayers, &c. &c."

It is calculated that about two and a quarter millions of capital now exist in South Australia. The imports for the first half of 1840 were estimated at L.180,000, and the exports (consisting chiefly of wool, oil, and whalebone) at L.30,672. The revenue, arising from duties on imports, and a few branches of direct taxation, was found in the middle of 1840 to be at the rate of above L.30,000 per annum, a sum far below what is required for the necessities of the local government. It is well known that Governor Gawler launched out into very large expenses for public objects, and that, in the latter part of last year, a deficiency of no less than L.210,000 stood against the colonial government, which consequently was forced

\* South Australian Register (newspaper).



into a position of insolvency. Although it is obvious that there must be great initiatory expenses in all new colonies—for buildings, surveys, roads, and social arrangements of all kinds—and although, we believe, the conduct of the governor is thus not incapable of some defence, yet it is certainly to be deplored that a course totally unauthorised, and so likely to embarrass the colony, was followed. It threw a cloud over South Australia, which may not be altogether dispelled for years to come. In the mean time, the immediate and positive difficulty has been removed by parliament voting an advance of £155,000 to the colony.

The advantages of emigration to this, as to all other new colonies, preponderate on the side of the labourer, or comparatively poor man. Every thing tends at first to outlay, rather than to income, on the part of the man of capital. He has to provide himself with stock, implements, buildings, and furnishings of all kinds, at considerable prices, and then, from the still inadequate supply of labourers, has to pay at a high rate for every description of service, particularly for every thing connected with building and joinery work. Thus his advantages are mainly prospective. But the day-labourer, with five or six shillings a day; the ploughman with a pound, and the shepherd with fifteen shillings a week, and provisions; and the commonest artisans with eight, and the more skilled ones with twelve shillings a day, are in the way of both living well and saving a little money. Already cases are becoming common, of men being seen settled on neat little sections, who, a year or two before, arrived without a penny. It may here be remarked, that clothes and food are cheaper than they at first were in South Australia. Bread was, in December 1840, fourpence-halfpenny a pound; mutton from sevenpence to eightpence a pound; salt butter from one shilling to one shilling and threepence a pound; clothing generally about fifty per cent. above home prices.

It will be understood that this short paper is simply an attempt to describe, as correctly as our information will allow, the recent progress of South Australia, not a recommendation of the colony to the attention of intending emigrants. We cannot repeat too often that, on a point of such grave importance as a removal to a new scene of labour and enterprise, individuals would need to take a much more extensive range of inquiry than any which we can present to them, and then each judge as well as he can for himself.

#### A WALK TO ROTHIEMURCHUS.

It was in the summer of the year eighteen hundred and —, perhaps I had better not be particular as to the date. The month was August, a fine ripe hot August, and the moon was in her last quarter. Myself, exulting in emancipation from the academic groves of St John's, and my companion, a fine generous fellow, with the most blazing enthusiasm for the hills of his native Inverness—whither, by long meditated arrangement, we were now bound on a pilgrimage—found ourselves one morning seated on the roof of the Braemar coach, at the sweet village of Blairgowrie, eager for the start, and chafing to think that yet an hour must elapse before we could call ourselves in the Highlands.

The cliffs of Rattray were passed—the Blackwater came in sight far below—and slowly the heavy coach wound by steep declivities into the valley.

"Do you see that?" cried my friend. "That stream comes from the Grampian hills! We shall be a month before we reach it at this rate. Follow!" and he sprang from the coach roof, without quitting hold of his favourite rifle.

I was not much behind him, and, grasping the strong heather for support, we began rapidly to descend the hill in almost a direct line, and soon had the satisfaction to see the coach labouring slowly onwards far in the rear.

We were deep in the vale of Glenshee. The purple heath waved beneath our feet, the pale birch weeping over the flood which brawled below. Mountains rose on every side; and, far beyond, a dark, cloud-splitting peak, hermit-like retiring from the rest into a solitude more stern and threatening. The air, the mountain air! I felt a new creature.

"When we pass that peak," said my friend, clapping his hand confidently on one of his stalwart limbs—"when we pass that peak, you will see Loch-na-garr."

There is a pretty good road through Glenshee, but so hilly and tortuous that the progress of vehicles is necessarily slow; and as we spurned it entirely, taking right across the moor to any point we wished to attain, it was not until we had travelled some miles, and had got into a more level country, that the coach overtook us.

"There!" said Kenneth, as he settled himself once more upon the roof; "we have just had a nice breathing. Push away, javey, for our day's journey is just to begin when we reach Braemar."

Braemar is at length reached. It is past five in the afternoon, and here is the rough Highlander, who is to be our guide, with my friend's two deer-hounds, Oscar and Whitefoot, and the rougher pony which is to carry our portmanteaus, standing at the door of the "Fife Arms." Kenneth is strapping on the baggage. "We shall reach the bothie by seven," said he. "Then we shall be half way. Norval, too, promised to meet us there with the forester."

Our guide understood very little English, or he

might have set Kenneth right as to his guess of the distance, and saved my English-bred limbs from the severest task it has ever been their lot to attempt. But the laconic Highlander's sole reply to my interrogation as to how far the Doune of Rothiemurchus lay from Braemar, was, "It's jist across the hill;" and so, with the pony and portmanteaus leading the van, we set forward, and soon lost trace of a path.

On through the forest lay our darkening way,  
And many a mountain stream our pathway cross'd,  
Where, from their sheltering woods at close of day,  
The wild-deer come to have their antler'd host.  
The lightning-riven pines their white arms toss'd  
Athwart the blacken'd sky; while all around  
And far before, the doubtful path seem'd lost  
Mid mountain wild, whence loesens'd crags rebound,  
And thousand streams their ceaseless roar for ever sound.

"I wish, Kenneth," said I, as we saw the troops of deer in the distance—"I wish we had leave from the Earl of Fife, and that I had a rifle like yours."

"I wish no such thing," replied my companion. "Let me tell you, one rifle is enough in Braemar forest; if you can keep your feet on the road we are going, consider yourself fortunate, even if you should shoot no deer."

This was mysterious language, and I asked my friend if he had any spirits in his powder-horn.

"I have just got two venison sandwiches and an oat cake, and my flask is dry," he replied; "I hope you are better provided."

Not having a crust in my wallet, I made a dead stop. "It is impossible to go on without whisky," said I.

"I think so too," said my cunning friend. "But," turning to the guide, "is this old Bean's hut?"

"True, it is, sir," and Kenneth shot forward and entered the cabin. "Not a drop!" he said, as I came up; "the fellow thinks we are exorcism."

"Well, that is what I call adding insult to injury. Do try him again."

"Whisht a wee," said the guide, comprehending by our rueful looks how matters stood; and he entered, and discoursed the old rogue in the Gaelic. "It is Captain G—'s son, of the Doune, and a young Sasenach come wi' him to see Glenmore."

"Is't faith! My saul, they shall hae whisky then! Come awa' ben, lads. Hegh, gudewife—the spoon! the spoon!"—and a cracked white jug, containing a delicious spirit, soft as milk and fragrant as honey, was soon passing round from hand to hand.

"That is worth a silver penny," said I in a whisper to Kenneth.

"I have dropt one into the jug," said he.

"I hope Donald won't swallow it. Take care of the grounds, Donald!" cried I, hitting him between the shoulders so hard as to make him splutter out a mouthful and a "mille deuit" at the same instant. I rushed into the open air.

Happy days! when the spirit of gaiety and joy stands at the heart's gate, ready to leap forth whenever a breath touches the latch. Happy days! when we can stride over the moor, dashing along through heath or rushing stream, alike unheeding, because—only because—high ardent spirits urge us on.

The moon was beginning to climb the shoulder of the mighty Pein John, and we were now deep in the forest; but to those to whose minds the word *forest* presents some such scene as the pastoral woods of Epping or Hainault, it may be necessary to state what are the features of a real Highland forest. 'Tis a bold scene, and requires a bold pencil to sketch. A vast tract of rugged broken ground; now clad with heath, now overgrown with underwood. There, a dark wood of giant pines; here, riven and torn into precipices and shelves of loose rocks, from amongst which huge uprooted trees appear as if suddenly fixed in the midst of a desperate effort to regain their native eminence. Now, a thundering stream tearing through the waste, and threatening to stop farther progress; there, far away down in the distance, which in the dim light grows illimitable, a lake, sad, cold, and dreary. Mountains far beyond, mountains behind. On the right hand, mountains; mountains on the left. In short, it is altogether an irregular affair, and the brain aches for a level, but finds it not.

Through such a scene as this we were labouring on, when the deep bay of a hound from a neighbouring thicket suddenly startled us. "We are at the bothie," cried Kenneth, quickening his pace; "the forester has few visitors after sunset." The next minute we were at the building, and reconnoitering. All was silence, broken only by the restless notes of the dog, who ever and anon, by a deep bark, gave indication of his security against surprise.

"Now," I cried, "if old Norval has not arrived, and we are shut out, I will— But better or worse I felt I could not make the matter, so gulped down my half-expressed intention of scattering the bothie to the winds, and hurling Ben Maedhui into Loch Avon, to make a clear path for my ire into Rothiemurchus.

After a quarter of an hour's thundering and Gaelic parley, the door was opened by a shaggy Highlander in his shirt, little better than half awake. I walked in without ceremony, and seated myself on a log by the dying embers on the hearth, leaving my friend to manage the introduction and provide for our supper. The first thing our host did was to light a pine torch, which burnt with amazing brilliancy; and having surveyed us, he stuck it in the chimney, whence it sent forth a steady blaze, that in itself had something of comfort.

When I thought sufficient time had been permitted for the Gaelic colloquy, I ventured to ask my friend in what chance the interests of our stomachs stood of being advanced. The reply was, that the last bit of venison had been broiled and eaten for supper an hour ago. I could have sworn I smelt the savour still lingering about the rafters. The forester had no whisky, but plenty of oat-cakes and skim-milk cheese. I rose up, in the calm which, in well-regulated minds, comes in the place of despair.

"Kenneth," said I, "tell me, as a gentleman, when you think we shall reach the Doune?"

"Upon my honour," said he, "I expect we shall be there by three o'clock."

"Let us go on, then—fatigue is bad, starvation is worse—but oat-cakes and cheese is a compromise that can't be listened to." And I started out and forwards at full speed, nor stopped till I found myself, by the breaking of a branch which had been thrown across a stream as a bridge, knee-deep in the brawling waters. This *mal pas* gave my friend time to come up, and we travelled on together in silence.

But, spirit of Salvalor! what pen or pencil can describe the scene we now began to penetrate! It seemed as if each feature of ordinary landscape, one by one, changed to some shape of horror. Savage rocks in chaotic confusion, above, around, beneath our feet, seemed gradually to close around us and shut us in for ever from the outer world; the lineaments of which the oppressed mind strove in vain to recall, as those fierce and grinning shapes of nature fixed, as it were, in convulsion, rose every where before the eye, mocking the heart's desire for freedom, and subduing it with the consciousness of overwhelming and irresistible power. The very sky above wore a different hue from its wont. Viewed as from the bottom of a pit, its azure deepened into black, and the stars looked sickly and red. One voice we heard above, the never-ceasing roar of the mountain cataracts, and again another echoed its dissonant reply—like cries from some inhabitant, vexed by the demon spirit of the waste—the sharp bark of the fox, and the scream of the startled heron. A tremendous torrent had in a former season burst from the heights above us, and had swept into the hollow which we were traversing, rocks, stones, and timber, sufficient to have rebuilt Carthage; and over this ruin of a mountain we had to pick our way. My friend paused, and looked round. He stood on a fragment of rock erect and firm, with his never-quitted rifle lightly grasped in his hand. "This is the Larig," said he, in a low voice; and I could see that even his mountain-bred spirit was touched by the awful influence of the place.

It is beautiful to see nature providing for her own in all circumstances. The pony kept steadily on through every difficulty, without once making a false step. But, unhappily, the faculty of adaptation to circumstances does not descend below the animals. Portmanteaus are destitute of instinct; and so it happened that, after repeated burstings and slippings of the fastenings, by which the baggage was as often dismounted, Kenneth was obliged to keep the saddle-bags tight on the pony's back with one hand, while the other still held the rifle, and, springing like goats from rock to rock, man and horse journeyed onwards, I following as I best could, with one eye to my own footing, and the other fixed in admiration of the agility and steadiness of my companion. The moon had sunk low, and we traversed the last part of this dreary region in that darkest coldest hour of the night—the one which precedes the dawn. But as morning began to streak the east, we found ourselves emerging into a scene of less threatening character. I had loitered behind a little, when I heard Kenneth shouting—

"Rouse up, the sun is rising, and the Spey, I smell the Spey! There is life and freshness in the breeze that comes from it."

"Thanks! thanks!" said I, "for promise of another blink of the blessed sun. Here is a mossy bank, let us lie down and rest a while." I spoke not, nor heard any more, till I opened my eyes upon bright sunshine and birds singing on the branches around. We were on the lofty bank of a river which rolled far beneath, onwards to meet the Spey, and wide stretched before our eyes lay the Doune of Rothiemurchus. The guide was in the act of refastening the pony's load, and young Whitefoot was gambolling and smorting about, while old Oscar still lay in dignified repose, apparently regarding his companion's frolics with solemn reprobation. My friend was standing against a tree gazing on the beautiful expanse; suddenly an expression of keen vigilance and scrutiny overspread his countenance, and he began to move forward with cautious step. "Down, *gallaehas pesouch!*" he said, in a low voice, and the young hound instantly cowered.

"Do you see that stone?" said Kenneth, beckoning to me, and pointing to a huge mass of rock about a quarter of a mile in advance. "When we reach that spot, we shall be in view of a corrie that I never yet passed without seeing a deer. I thought not we were so near it. Keep the dogs close, and if we proceed cautiously, I think, with the aid of this rifle, we may put something on the pony's back that will hang better than portmanteaus."

I was on my feet in an instant. "A deer hunt!" I exclaimed; "that is sport worth toiling a good way to join in."

"Hush! a single word above your breath, and our chance is not worth a charge of duck-shot."

As we turned the angle of the rock, Kenneth drew



from its case a spy-glass, and surveyed the valley below with great minuteness; but the result for some time appeared unsatisfactory. His gaze at length became riveted to one spot, and, after a long survey, he said, in a whisper just audible, "There are two of them grazing by a spring. To get near them won't be easy, as the wind is rather from this quarter, but I must try for a shot; and stand you here with the dogs and guard the pass."

Rapidly and softly he stole away, and impatient and anxious I took my stand, with my eyes fixed on the spot he had indicated. But so long a time passed, and not a leaf stirring in the valley, I could not control myself, and began to express my impatience to the guide, who only replied, in plain terms, that "the less I said the better." I was once more on the point of breaking out, when I saw a slight wreath of blue smoke, such as a gentleman might exhale from his Havana, arise from the direction in which the deer were feeding, and in a moment afterwards we heard the sharp crack of the rifle. But what a sight now presented itself! The still valley became suddenly alive with a rushing troop, of which the two my friend had descried were only the sentinels; and like a cloud, the whole herd, which could not number less than a hundred stand of antlers, came sweeping along towards the pass above which we had posted ourselves. Ended now was the painful anxiety and restraint of the last hour. To slip the hounds from their leash, and with an exulting view halloo to follow them in their impetuous pursuit, was the instant consequence of the herd passing us. The guide gave a shrill whoop, and set off down the declivity at headlong speed; while I, less accustomed to the ground, forgot in the excitement of the moment to wonder, as I did afterwards, that I reached the bottom with whole bones.

"They will take the water," cried Donald to me; and instead of pursuing the track by which the deer had already disappeared up the pass, he pressed straight forwards against the opposing hill. I now beheld Kenneth running with amazing speed and strength right up the mountain. "To Aldru," he cried as he neared us; "they will make for the river." It was a tough breathing up that mountain—the rough shoulder of Craigelechon; but 'twas my first chase; and then such a quarry as we were flying at.

"He is there!" cried Kenneth, who first reached the summit. "Old Oscar has him."

The next moment I gained the ridge, and about a mile below, in the open ground, saw a noble stag, separate from the herd, dashing along through the heather, with the old dog hanging by tooth and claw at his throat. Thrice did the other bound make a spring at the same object; thrice did his prey foil him, and trample him beneath his feet. But his fate is sealed. Oscar's hold is not to be shaken off, and the stag's frantic resistance only exhausts him. Still on he flies, dashing back his noble head, covered with foam. He is now in the very worst place for flight, near the water side where the ground is soft and almost level. Whitefoot springs at his throat once more, he catches it, but cannot fix his claws, and swings from his victim's neck. The stag totters for a moment, and Oscar, quitting his grasp, darts like fire upon the hind quarters, and seizes him by the hamstrings. He founders; and a fierce growl from the dogs proclaims their victory.

"Speed, Donald, or the dogs will tear him!" cried Kenneth. But the exhortation was scarce needed by a man who, between running, leaping, rolling, and sliding, was already progressing at an unmeasured pace. Donald held it alike his privilege and his duty to give the *coup de grace* to a deer that had been regularly run down by dogs, and was now eager to save at once the hide of the stag from the fangs of the hounds and his own character from the imputation of slackness. He performed this in a manner highly characteristic; advancing upon his game with mingled eagerness and caution, and displaying a remarkable combination of talent in the manner of making his stroke available for the grand end, while he paid that distant respect to the horns of his poor victim which proved the powerful influence which regard for the immunity of his own person exercised over him.

We were soon alongside our game—a stag of the first head, fat, Donald said, as a duck, firm as a fresh salmon, and as broad-backed and strong in the hanches as Peter Forsyth's bull that got the prize at Perth. I looked upon the noble beast half in pity for his fate. No bullet had touched him. "So you missed your shot," I said to Kenneth.

"Missed!" he reiterated. "Stop till we get back to the other side of Craigelechon, and I'll show you another fellow, with as good an array of branches on his head as this, quiet by the spring where first I saw him."

"Go back!" I echoed in alarm; for, the chase ended, I began to feel the stiffness of my sinews. "Faith, back we must go, any how, I believe; for there in the corral stands the pony, and every shirt I have within a hundred miles on his back!"

"Well," replied my friend, laughing, "I believe we may manage it in another way. Both this fellow here and my friend in Corrie-an-colselt will wait quiet enough till we can send and fetch them. Donald, do you go back and fetch the pony; we can walk straight forward with Oscar and Whitefoot." It was so arranged, and the guide left us.

"What think you of our Rothiemurchus ways now?" inquired my friend, as we journeyed onwards.

"A splendid morning's sport, indeed," I replied; "but what will the laird say?"

"Never you mind that, my boy. If we are not on our own grounds—and who is obliged to know the land-marks!—we are near enough in such a place as this."

Years have passed since then—long years. New hopes are born—tears dried, or gathering for fresh sorrows—but the sweet influence which then nerved me visits me at times even now; and even now, could I shake me free of all cares and be in all things—save one—as formerly, I am not so destitute of love's inspiration, but I think I would yet venture on another journey through Braemar Forest to the Spey. But I must have assurance of daylight, and a slice of venison at the forester's.

#### INTRODUCTION OF THE POOR-LAW INTO IRELAND.

THE Poor-Law Commissioners have recently published the seventh Annual Report of their proceedings during the last year, of which we now purpose giving a short abstract, as far as it regards the progress that has been made in the introduction of the Poor-Law into Ireland. The period embraced by this report, is that between the 25th of March 1840 and the 25th of March of the present year. The *parochial* year invariably ends on the 25th of March. Down to the 25th of March 1840, 104 unions for the purposes of the Poor-Law had been formed and declared; and the commissioners, in their preceding report, expressed an opinion that thirty more would probably complete the total number of unions into which Ireland would be divided, for carrying into effect the provisions of the law for the relief of the poor in that country. They appear, however, to have over-estimated the number required. The number, they say, declared up to the 25th of March of the present year, is 127, and only three more are necessary, the formation of which is since completed; and these three will be by this time declared in the usual way, so that the entire number of unions in Ireland will be 130.

At the date of the last Annual Report, 60 workhouses had been contracted for, and were in different stages of progress. The number contracted for and built, or in progress of building, up to the 25th of March last, is 115. "The contracts," say the commissioners, "have been entered into so gradually, and the works have been spread so equally over every part of the country, that although the number of buildings actually in progress at one time, has been greater than we could at first have ventured to reckon upon as being either safe or expedient to undertake, yet we do not find that the price of labour or materials has been much affected, or that any other considerable inconvenience has arisen." \* \* \* "The past winter was unusually long and severe. It began early, and continued late, and has greatly interfered with and impeded the progress of the several buildings." Fourteen workhouses have been completed, and opened for the relief of the destitute poor, the three principal of which are those in Dublin, called the North Dublin and South Dublin, and the one at Cork. With respect to the two Dublin union workhouses, which have been opened upwards of twelve months, the commissioners say that "they have in all respects proceeded in a satisfactory manner." The closing of the Dublin Mendicity Society shortly after these workhouses had been declared fit for the reception of the destitute poor, "threw a sudden pressure upon these establishments, especially upon the South Dublin Workhouse; as many as 500 individuals having been admitted there in one week, and 1473 within the first month, a great majority of whom had been previously supported in the Dublin Mendicity Institution, and were destitute, and without any visible means of subsistence. Such an influx, at such a time, could not fail to cause disorder and confusion; and it may be regarded as a proof of the soundness of the workhouse principle, that, notwithstanding the want of preparation and previous arrangement which necessarily prevailed, the unfinished state of both the houses, the inexperience of the guardians, and the want of training and knowledge of their business on the part of the several officers, so large and so sudden an admission of inmates was successfully dealt with at the time, and order and regularity speedily established."

We are glad to learn that the commissioners seem very solicitous with regard to the education of the children maintained in the workhouses in Ireland, and that they seem fully alive to the great importance of training up those children in moral and religious habits, and of fitting them, by education and by a careful instruction in useful branches of industry, for earning their own livelihood, and thus becoming respectable members of the community. Upon this subject they say—"In the North Dublin Workhouse there are 500 children under sixteen years of age, and in the South Dublin Workhouse there are 635. To superintend the religious instruction of these children, there is in each union a Protestant and a Roman Catholic chaplain appointed, on whose exertions we must rely for the constant performance of the duties necessary for this purpose. A schoolmaster and a schoolmistress are also appointed in each workhouse, and the guardians take a lively interest in the instruction of the children. The girls are taught sewing, and the elder ones are partly employed in the domestic work of the

house, so as to fit them for becoming good household servants. In the case of the boys, there is a difficulty of finding suitable means of employment and training for all. Some of them are taught tailoring, some shoemaking, some carpentering, and some are occupied in the garden; but still, the several employments in after-life of the boys reared in workhouses must, it is believed, in the great majority of instances, be of a description that does not admit of previous training or tuition within the workhouse, or at least in no very material degree. The kind of skill requisite for success in such employments must in fact be acquired by continued practice; and all that can be done in the way of preparation, for the most part, is to send the youth forth imbued with habits of industry, and with his frame braced and strengthened, and inured to laborious exertion, and with his temper and mental faculties duly cultivated, and, above all, with a sense of religious duty impressed upon his mind." The commissioners assure the Secretary of State that their attention will be unceasingly directed to the education of the children in the Irish workhouses.

The practice of begging, which prevails so extensively in the metropolis and the principal towns in Ireland and their neighbourhoods, is one of the most formidable difficulties against which the commissioners have had to contend, and one to which their experience in introducing the amended Poor-Law into England furnished them with nothing analogous, at least in the extent to which the evil has attained in Ireland. In a circular letter addressed to their assistant commissioners in October 1838, the latter were directed to consider in what manner the new law might be introduced, so as to abate the practice of begging; and to explain to those then subjected to the tax of mendicancy, the bearing and objects of the new provision, with the view of preventing the indiscriminate practice of almsgiving, and the payment of the tax in addition to poor-rates. From the very commencement of their proceedings in Ireland, the commissioners have been receiving frequent representations from individuals of all parties and persuasions, pointing out the necessity of some legislative enactment for the repression of mendicancy; and in December 1839, they deemed it right to record their views upon the subject of such a law in a minute, copies of which were sent to their assistant-commissioners, with directions to take such fitting opportunities as might offer for inviting the several boards of guardians to direct their attention to this important question. In this minute they observed that "a law for the repression of vagrancy and mendicancy has for the most part been called for on the ground of its being a necessary adjunct of the Poor-Law; but, although undoubtedly necessary for the effective working of the Poor-Law in Ireland, it is not on that account alone that it is required. Such a law is necessary here on the same grounds that it was and is still necessary in England, and the reasons for its establishment apply equally to both countries. A vagrancy-law is strictly a measure of police, it may be said of moral police, affecting in a very high degree the morals and habits of the community; for so long as vagrancy and mendicancy, with all the desultory and demoralising habits springing from and fostered by them, are permitted to exist, it will be impossible to effect any very general or permanent improvement in the social condition of the Irish people. Whilst mendicancy is allowed to range unrestrained over the country, its moral taint will mingle with and deteriorate the entire mass of the population, despite any countervailing efforts which may be made, short of its actual suppression." These were the views of this question taken by the commissioners in the latter end of the year 1839, shortly after they had begun to introduce the law into Ireland; and they now repeat their conviction—a conviction which they say is rendered, if possible, even stronger by the recent events in the Dublin unions—that the repression of mendicancy is necessary in every union, as soon, and so long, as the workhouse is open and available for the relief of the destitute poor. "This conviction," they say, "we are also satisfied, is felt generally throughout the country, and particularly by the small farmers and occupiers, who are indeed the chief sufferers, the contributions being for the most part levied upon them. The congregation of the beggars in towns at certain periods, or at certain hours of the day, gives an appearance of the pressure being greater than in the neighbouring rural districts: but such is not the case; the alms which the mendicant collects in the country being almost always taken to the town for consumption, or for the purpose of being sold or exchanged to supply his wants or minister to his appetites."

The commissioners have been endeavouring to render the organisation of the unions, and the creation of a local machinery for their government, available as a means of effecting collateral improvements in Ireland; namely, in agriculture, by the formation of agricultural associations in connexion with the unions. "Ireland," they say, "is essentially an agricultural country; agriculture is its staple, and to this we think the efforts of its people should be primarily directed; yet the art and practice of agriculture is confessedly for the most part in a very low and imperfect state in Ireland." It seemed to the commissioners that this deficiency might in some measure be remedied by the establishment of union agricultural societies; and,



accordingly, in December last year, a letter was written by Mr Nicholls, the commissioner resident in Dublin, to each of the assistant-commissioners, requesting them to communicate with the leading members of the respective boards of guardians on the subject. The result has been, that several such union associations have been formed, and that others are in the course of formation. In the letter alluded to, Mr Nicholls remarks, with reference to the agricultural society which had then been formed in connexion with the Ballinasloe union, and in explanation of the advantages likely to arise from the establishment of similar societies, "that although the society takes the name of the union, and is expressly constituted for and limited to the extent of the union, it is in no way mingled up with the union poor-law proceedings, from which it is kept in all respects perfectly distinct. The society, may, however, eventually become a valuable accessory to the Poor-Law, by increasing the produce of the land and the field of employment for the people, thereby lessening the calls upon the rate-payers of the union. It is admitted on all hands, that great room for improvement in agricultural management, in all its branches, exists in Ireland. It is also certain, that unless attention, not partial merely, but general and continuous attention, can be directed to the subject, there is little chance of the improvement, so much wanted, being attained. Union societies seem especially calculated to accomplish this object; and if one like this at Ballinasloe was established in each union, the germs of improvement would be diffused throughout all parts of the country, and the best results might reasonably be looked for. In such case, each union would possess the means of originating and promoting improvements within itself, and would thus become the source of its own amelioration. Its owners and occupiers, who are alike interested in improving the cultivation of the land, would be the managers of the society; and its operations, restricted to the boundaries of the union, would become known to all, and be participated in by all. A spirit of emulation would thus be excited throughout the union. Each man would strive to produce a better crop, and show better management than his neighbour; for this would ensure his being held in better estimation. This would not be the case, at least not in an equal degree, in a more extended society, which would necessarily want the stimulus of local interest and emulation, in proportion as its limits were enlarged."

After briefly alluding to the prices of provisions, which were unusually high throughout Ireland during the whole of last year, and to the distress consequent thereupon which prevailed in many parts of the country, they thus speak of the progressive improvement which appears to be going on in the habits of the population, and with this extract we shall conclude:—"The distress which has usually prevailed in the western and southern districts of Ireland, during the months of June, July, and August, from a failure of the old, and pending the in-coming of the new potato crop, will, it may be feared, continue to be felt for some years to come; but we hope that it will be in a continually decreasing ratio. The intensity of the distress is necessarily in proportion to the length of the interval between the exhaustion of the one crop and the maturity of the other; and this interval, in the average of years and circumstances, can be reduced, and the duration and permanence of supply be ensured, only by the increase of forethought and prudent habits in the people. The increase of these qualities is now, we are satisfied, in rapid progress in Ireland; and to this we mainly attribute the important fact, that the pressure of last year was sustained, not only without the usual aid from government, but with less suffering and privation among the people than prevailed during previous years. Yet the crops of last year, as a whole, were certainly under an average; and that after the recurrence of two, if not of three, preceding short crops. The people must, therefore, evidently have become more provident, and must have husbanded their means. They have also, we believe, acquired generally a clearer perception of their real interests, and of the necessity of relying upon their own efforts. They are likewise better informed with respect to their social condition, and the duties which it imposes upon them individually and collectively; and hence their improved habits and more general self-reliance."

The commissioners attribute no inconsiderable portion of this improvement to the agitation of the Poor-Law question in all its bearings, in every part of Ireland, during the last five or six years; a portion, they believe, is also attributable to the organisation which has been established throughout the country, by the formation of the unions; and, lastly, and in no inconsiderable degree, to the spread of temperance which has happily taken place there of late years.

#### SINGULAR GROWTH OF FUNGI.

A very curious example of the growth of fungi within the living animal body has lately been detected, and the knowledge of it has proved of great importance. The silk-worm breeders of Italy and the south of France, especially in particular districts, have been subject to a considerable loss by a disease termed *muscardine*, which sometimes attacks the worms in large numbers, just when about to enter the chrysalis state. This disease has been ascertained to be due to the growth of a minute vegetable of the fungus tribe, nearly resembling the common mould, within their bodies. It is

capable of being communicated to any individual from one already affected, by the introduction beneath the skin of the former of some particles of the diseased portion of the latter, and it then spreads in the fatty mass beneath the skin, occasioning the destruction of this tissue, which is very important as a reservoir of nourishment to the animal when about to pass into a state of complete inactivity. The plant spreads by the extension of its own structure, and also by the production of minute germs, which are taken up by the circulating blood, and carried to distant parts of the body. The disease invariably occasions the death of the silk-worm; but it does not show itself externally until afterwards, when it rapidly shoots forth from beneath the skin. The caterpillar, chrysalis, and moth, are all susceptible of having the disease communicated to them by the kind of inoculation just described; but it is only the first which usually receives it spontaneously. The importance of this disease to the breeders of silk-worms led, as soon as its true nature was understood, to careful inquiry into the circumstances which favour the production of the fungus; and it has been shown that, if bodies of caterpillars which (from various causes) have died during breeding, be thrown together in heaps, and exposed to the influence of a warm and moist atmosphere for a few days (as has been very commonly the case), this fungus almost invariably appears upon them, just as other kinds of mould appear on other decaying substances; and that it is then propagated to the living worms by the diffusion of its germs through the atmosphere. The knowledge of this fact, and the precautions taken in consequence, have greatly diminished the mortality.—*Popular Cyclopædia of Natural Science.*

#### SIGNS OF HAVING EATEN ENOUGH.

In the present state of civilised society, with the provocatives of the culinary art, and the incentives of high-seasoned food, brandy, and wines, the temptations to excess in the indulgences of the table are rather too strong to be resisted by poor human nature. It is not less the duty, however, of the watchmen on the walls to warn the city of its danger, however it may regard the premonition. Let them at least clear their own skirts from the stain of unfaithfulness, whatever may be the result.

There is no subject of dietetic economy about which people err so much as that which relates to *quantity*. The medical profession, too, have been accessory to this error, in giving directions to dyspeptics to eat until a sense of satiety is felt. Now, this feeling, so essential to be rightly understood, never supervenes until the invalid has eaten too much, if he have an appetite, which seldom fails him. Those even who are not otherwise predisposed to the complaint, frequently induce a diseased state of the digestive organs by too free indulgence of the appetite. Of this fact the medical profession are generally not sufficiently aware. Those who lead sedentary lives, and whose circumstances will permit of what is called free living, are peculiarly obnoxious to these complaints. But by paying particular attention to their sensations during the ingestion of their meals, these complaints may be avoided. There appears to be a sense of perfect intelligence conveyed from the stomach to the encephalic centre, which, in health, invariably dictates what quantity of aliment (responding to the sense of hunger, and its due satisfaction) is naturally required for the purposes of life, and which, if noticed and properly attended to, would prove the most salutary monitor of health, and effectual preventive of, and restorative from, disease. It is not the sense of *satiety*, for this is beyond the point of healthful indulgence, and is nature's earliest indication of an abuse and overburden of her powers to replenish the system. It occurs immediately previous to this, and may be known by the pleasurable sensation of *perfect satisfaction, ease, and quiescence of body and mind*. It is when the stomach says *enough*; and is distinguished from satiety by the difference of the sensations—the former feeling *enough*, the latter *too much*. The first is produced by the timely reception into the stomach of proper aliment, in exact proportion to the requirements of nature, for the perfect digestion of which, a definite quantity of gastric juice is furnished by the proper gastric apparatus. But to effect this most agreeable of all sensations and conditions—the real Elysian satisfaction of the *reasonable epicure*—timely attention must be paid to the preliminary processes, such as thorough mastication and moderate or slow deglutition. These are indispensable to the due and natural supply of the stomach, at the stated periods of alimentation; for if food be swallowed too fast, and pass into the stomach imperfectly masticated, too much is received in a short time, and in too imperfect a state of preparation, to be disposed of by the gastric juice.—*Beaumont's Experiments on the Gastric Juice, &c., edited by Dr Combe.*

#### CATTLE-FEEDING.

The mania for feeding bullocks and other cattle to an extreme weight, which has prevailed amongst breeders and agriculturists of late years, has brought to our exhibitions prodigious animals for fat—so large, indeed, and rich withal, that few stomachs on this side the Tweed are prepared to admit that the great beeves are really good beef. Why then, we would ask, persist in extreme feeding! It is universally admitted that it does not pay the farmer; and if the object is merely to ascertain the capabilities of the animal to take on fat, and the skill of the feeder in pampering it, the present generation has little to boast of—for with all the emulation which has existed for the last forty years, and all the expense which has been incurred by individuals "to gain a prize," there has not been exhibited in this country an ox to be compared with the big ones that were produced within the previous ten or twelve years. In April 1790, the Lincolnshire Ox, fed without oil-

cake, was exhibited in London as the largest and fattest ever seen in England. He stood nineteen hands high, and his beef and tallow were computed at 2800 lbs. L.1000 was offered for him and refused. In September 1800, Mr Cottam of East Redford killed a calf one year and fifteen weeks old, which sucked the cow till it was killed, the carcass of which weighed 48 st. 4 lbs., the hide 5 st. 8 lbs., and tallow 6 st. 11 lbs. In the spring and summer of 1802, the Spottiswood Ox, still larger than the Lincolnshire, was exhibited in this country; and in 1803, the celebrated Durham Ox was shown in Edinburgh, larger than either, and much more handsome. These were followed, at distant intervals, by the Duncarn Ox, Fat Charlie, and several other minor specimens; but all, in point of bulk, like their own tails, gradually growing downwards. And now, the greatest enthusiast in fat must fairly confess, that notwithstanding the boasted progress in feeding which is constantly trumpeted forth at cattle-show dinners, the greatest effort of modern times falls infinitely short of the skill of the preceding generation. Seeing, then, that the best specimens of the present day are puny monsters in comparison with their gigantic kindred above noted—and that prize beef is not esteemed, and cannot be brought to market at a remunerating price to the feeder—we ask again, why do farmers persevere in extra feeding!—*Ayr Observer.*

#### SUBTERRANEAN CURIOSITY IN PARIS.

The well of Grenelle is not the only new subterranean curiosity in Paris: there exists another, which, although it has not the immense merit of Mulet's work, is nevertheless very remarkable. There is near the Marché aux Chevaux a brewery, in which it is said the most excellent beer is made. M. Chapuis, the owner of this establishment, saw with regret that its cellars were not large enough to contain the increasing produce of his brewery, and he wished to keep it in greater quantities. M. Chapuis suspected that his house, court, and garden, were placed above the catacombs of Paris. In order to make sure of this, he bored, and ascertained that it was as he thought. Sure of success, he immediately set to work and built a stone staircase of 87 steps, through the spiral of which the liquid necessary for daily use might be brought up with the help of a windlass. But the staircase was the least part of the work, for, at the depth of about 55 feet, a void was found, not the void of the quarry, but a void made by an accidental falling of the earth. M. Chapuis got this cleared, with a great deal of trouble and expense, and then great columns were placed in order to keep up the bank of stone, upon which the faubourg St Victor and St Marc stand. And when you descend 87 steps, you enter into a large cavern, whose vast and long galleries offer an unlimited perspective. The effect of this cavern is so fine and so picturesque, that Cicero intends producing it in the opera in the shape of a scene. M. Chapuis has certainly the vastest cellar in the world.

#### DRYING FLOWERS AS SPECIMENS.

As pressure is necessary for drying flowers, the first thing requisite is to construct a press, which in this instance is composed of two of the thickest milled boards, each twenty inches in length and fourteen in width; also two leather straps with buckles, and holes at intervals, to allow for the varying bulk of the press; then procure two quires of coarse sugar paper, which can be purchased at a grocer's. After having selected the most perfect specimens of flowers, with their stems, lower leaves, and roots, when practicable—and carefully observe that the plants be free from dew or moisture—lay every portion out nicely on one of the coarse sheets, being careful, at the same time, that one part of the specimen does not interfere with another: the leaf should be filled. Allow several sheets to intervene before another sheet is occupied by specimens. If the flowers be delicate, their colour will be better preserved by placing blotting paper between the folds, to absorb the moisture. The plants are now ready to be put into the press, the straps forming the pressure, which, however, must not be great at first. It is necessary to remove the flowers every day, and dry the papers at the fire. When the specimens are quite dry, they should be taken from the press, and each plant separately sewed or fastened with gum on to half-sheets of foolscap (a very sufficient substitute for gum will be found in the margins of the penny stamps, when cut into narrow strips); they may then be arranged in their natural orders, with the Linnean class and order, and their place of growth, appended in the lower corners of the paper. The sheets thus classed make up the Herbarium or *Hortus Sicus*, and are kept in trays, boxes, or in a cabinet constructed for the purpose, in a dry room, when they will be ready for future reference, which is the principal use to be derived from making a collection of plants.—*The New Monthly Belle Assemblée.*

#### EVERY THING OUGHT TO BE WELL DONE.

A good many capital things are told of the late William Gray, a distinguished merchant in Boston. He was familiarly known by the name of "Billy Gray." He left at his death a large estate, and used to say that the chief source of his worldly success was his motto, "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." On one occasion, he had reason to find fault with a mechanic for some slovenly job. The mechanic recollected Mr Gray when he was in a very humble condition, so he bore the rebuke with impatience. "I tell you what, Billy Gray," said he, "I shan't stand such jaw from you. Why, I recollect when you was nothing but a drummer in a regiment." "And so I was," replied Mr Gray, "so I was a drummer; but didn't I drum well—eh! didn't I drum well?"—*From an American newspaper.*

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